

THEIR TRUE FACE

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UKRAINIAN Society
Kiev, 1974

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Printed in the Ukrainian SSR
by the UKRAINASociety
6 Zoloti Vorota St.,
Kiev-34, Ukr. SSR

Order I204.

Price 18 copecks.

Thirty years ago, the artillery gun salvos of the Second World War thundered for the last time over the green Carpathian Mountains. But peace didn't reign at once on the long-suffered western Ukrainian land. Guns were fired at night, tears rolled down mothers' cheeks. Those were Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, fascist henchmen, doing their bloody job of Judas. Blind with deadly hatred, they mastered the trade of butchers to such an extent that even the Gestapo professionals could envy them. They were taking revenge for their maniac dreams of dominating the Soviet people that would never come true.

Long before the Hitlerite invasion of the Soviet Union, the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists started actively preparing for the bloody Sabbath which they planned to hold in Ukraine with the help of Nazi invaders. Sputtering with anticipation, the Banderite press wrote: "There will be no mercy on that great forthcoming day, neither for the oldest, nor for the youngest..."

The yellow-blue werewolves planned to sit on the neck of the Ukrainian people, assisted by the occupants, to plunder the people's wealth, to suck into the live body of Ukraine like leeches. Here is how they interpreted their "program" of serving the Hitlerites prior to the war: "If blood is what you need, you will have a sea of blood! If you need terror, there will be one boiling hell of it."

The butchers drew up detailed instructions, described numerous techniques of torturing their victims. One of the instructions read: "It is necessary to intimidate the population by intensifying mass terror..." Another one particularized that this was recommended to do "by all

means possible — shooting, hanging, and even quartering...." The third instruction described the "principles" of training new personnel of cutthroats: "The greenhorn must be tried by personally carrying out a terroristic act." etc.

Soviet people have wiped the bandit nationalistic gangs off the surface of their land. Thistle has overgrown the footpaths of the bandits and the forest hideouts from which these werewolves had once made their raids and brigandage. A new generation has grown up. They never experienced those dreadful nights of the Ukrainian nationalistic Sabbath. But there are still unhealed wounds in the hearts of many people, wounds they received during those fearful years. There are quite a number of families in which mothers and children grieve for their innocent husbands, fathers, brothers and sisters who were tortured to death by the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalist cutthroats.

The time when the sky over western Ukrainian villages glowed with flames of burning homes and the soil soaked with the blood of civilians who died from the knives and shotguns of the OUNite, UPAite, SBite* and other nationalistic riffraff have long become a sad part of history. Still, the recollections of eyewitnesses often bring them back so as to remind people of what must not be forgotten, so that forthcoming generations could recognize the monstrous appearance of Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism, so that people will always be vigilant.

This brochure contains truthful narrations of past tragedies. Concealed behind the dry language of court testimony records are hair-raising stories of inhuman tortures of innocent women, children and helpless old people.

The reader will go through a whole gallery of disgusting portraits of murderers, drunken with bloodthirstiness. These are Stepan Skrypnik, Gestapo secret agent provocateur, who in compliance with the instructions of his former fascist masters put an archbishop's miter on his head and, under the name of Mstislav, heads at present the so-called Ukrainian Independent Greek Orthodox Church in

* OUN — Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists; UPA — Ukrainian Insurgent Army; SB — OUNite Security Service — Ed.

the United States; Stepan Panasyuk, OUN's monster, who failed to escape just retribution even thirty years later; the Ulitsky brothers, Hrihoriy and Olexa, wild beasts in human form. This brochure also informs about the Judas activities of Luka Ostrovsky who diligently served in the Hitlerite police force in Khmelnitsky Region, living now in Canada. There is also a truthful story here about the sadist Dmytro Kupyak, once robber and killer, today a businessman in Toronto; about the cutthroat Olexa Levandovsky and several other butchers.

Outwardly different, these people have certain features in common: their hands are stained with the blood of the Ukrainian people, they have souls of traitors and fratricides. Today, former murderers look like exemplary family men and respectable citizens. They go to church regularly, pray with decent loyalty. But all this is mere camouflage. Their true face is exposed on the pages of this booklet by recollections of eyewitnesses and the enumeration of their many crimes.

Short stories contained in the brochure deal with the past. However, they are not only significant for historians. They appeal to the heart and mind of every honest man. There still exist such werewolves who worship three gods — war, treason and murder. Alas, there are still many people to be found among the Ukrainian nationalistic emigration who are looking for a chance to once again come to Ukraine with a knife in their hands. They not only wait but call on others to undertake a new crusade.

This brochure reminds: Nobody is forgotten, nothing has sunk in oblivion. Because people mustn't forget this!

IS THIS KNOWN **IN CANADA?**

Sometimes we come across unexpected things in our searches. While looking through the archives of several Precarpathian cities for materials on participants of antifascist underground organizations, I discovered

several photos in the Ivano-Frankivsk Funds of the Extraordinary Commission on establishing and investigating the crimes committed by the fascist invaders. These photos showed reprisals of the Hitlerites over Soviet civilians.

The murderer probably had so many such photos in his album that he, not relying on his memory, wrote on the back of each photo the exact places of execution and the full names of the participants. Thus, I learned the name of one of Hitlerite cutthroats.

This brought me to the village of Vilshanitsya in the formerly Tismenitsya, and now Ivano-Frankivsk District. I showed the pictures to the first woman I met on the street who, judging from her age, might remember the events of the war years. She scrutinized them for a while, and finally exclaimed: "Well, if it isn't Olexa Buni!"

I was disappointed. Who was mistaken: the author of the inscription on the photo or this woman? Many other passersby stopped and everything transpired. Buni was the local nickname of the Levandovskys. Therefore, the photo showed Olexa Levandovsky.

Then followed long conversations with numerous residents of Vilshanitsya. As I found out, there were three brothers in the Buni (Levandovsky) family: Miroslav, Sava and Olexiy, who were Hitlerite henchmen. Before the war broke out, they all disappeared from the village and joined an OUNite gang.

It is common knowledge what the OUNites were engaged in: they worked for the Hitlerite intelligence service, acting as spies, saboteurs and terrorists. Miroslav Levandovsky became leader of one such group. When the invaders appeared in Vilshanitsya, he was granted, in acknowledgement of his services, a post of senior policeman in that village, and later on, was made a village elder. Miroslav Levandovsky made his brother, Sava, his deputy and aide, and the younger brother, Olexiy, was enrolled at the courses under the Stanislav branch of the Gestapo.

The Buni, together with the Hitlerites, ruled for some three years. Those were years of bloody and black nightmares. And even though over 30 years have passed since then, people never mention Miroslav and his brothers without curses. The Levandovsky brothers sometimes out-

matched even their bosses — the Gestapo — in brutality and sadism.

Even stones corroborate that. An obelisk towers in the village center erected by the local residents in memory of the villagers that fell prey of the bandits. Fifty-nine names are inscribed on it. Twenty-nine fell in battle against the Hitlerite invaders, while the remaining thirty persons were exterminated by the Levandovskys and their accomplices in the village itself.



In October 1941, the Gestapo and their henchmen — Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists — shot a group of Soviet citizens of Jewish descent near the village of Potichok, Ivano-Frankivsk Region. Olexa Levandovsky is marked with an X on the photo above (and on the cut-in picture below). This cutthroat "jokes" as he holds an old man by the beard — his victim, who was murdered a few minutes after the picture was taken,

I saw how difficult it was for close relatives of the dead, and eyewitnesses of the crimes, to relate the most tragic pages from the history of their village. Nor is it

easy for me to recount all this to the readers. But the people asked me to: "Please write about that! Let people in Canada know, through the newspaper, about those who found shelter in their country!"

Below, I would like to briefly present some of the eyewitnesses' testimonies.

Yulia Karaputna, collective-farm pensioner: "My husband was a kind of jack-of-all-trades. He could make a new cart, repair a wheel, and was pretty good at carpentering. He never refused to help anyone, and all Vilshanitsya respected him for that. As a sign of the people's respect, my husband was elected secretary of the Village Soviet.

"In June 1941, as soon as the Germans appeared, those Buni turned up from various rat holes and began hunting people. They caught my husband in Tismenitsya and brought him to Vilshanitsya, humiliating and torturing him all the way. They burned his hair and he was hardly alive by the time they reached the village. When night came they tortured him again. And in the morning my son, Mikhas, came running. He had just turned eight. "Mommy," he cried choking, "our dad's leg is out there near the slaughterhouse where they bury cattle!"

I took my daughter in my arms and ran. As soon as Miroslav Buni and other policemen saw me they pounced on me, beating and pushing me away. They wouldn't let us bury what was left of my husband Dmytro, let alone other murdered villagers. Dogs dragged off the bodies of our beloved ones."

Vasil Yushchyshin, collective farmer: "This woman speaks the sacred truth. I was a small boy at the time, and the bandits didn't pay much attention to us kids. We never thought that what we saw then would remain in our memory forever. When I got to the slaughterhouse I noticed Karaputny's leg lying on the ground beside the orthopedic shoe. It was cut off with a saw.

"Another horrible scene which I saw later has forever embedded in my memory: Sava Levandovsky riding his bicycle and dragging behind him on a long wire Vasil Lyalik who ran errands in the Village Soviet. Along the way they pierced a hayfork through his stomach..."

The list of crimes committed by this cutthroat, Miroslav Levandovsky, is too long to be published here in full. It

was he who, together with other werewolves from his gang, for several weeks persecuted Petro and Maria Solonichny only because they were active collective farmers. He caught Petro and tortured him to find out where his wife hid. Then all night through Levandovsky excruciated both. Next morning Levandovsky and his brother, Olexiy, hanged the couple.

The Levandovskys also “interrogated” in a basement the deputy chairman of the Village Soviet, Vasil Mazur, in such a way that when he and other prisoners were finally taken outside the cell, to the vegetable garden, Vasil himself asked Miroslav Levandovsky to finish him off: “Come on, shoot you bastard, but make sure you take a good aim!”

When torturing Dmytro Tatarin, chairman of the Village Soviet, the bandits pulled out his tongue, broke his arms and legs, then took him to the forest where they almost burned him alive and threw his body into a pond, where his sister found it later. But they wouldn’t allow her to bury her brother.

Here is what his former classmate said about the older Buni: “Hitler was more sacred to him than God himself, fascism was his religion.”

In fact, Miroslav Levandovsky served the Third Reich with a dog’s loyalty. He sent over 150 fellow villagers to Germany for slave labor, separating husbands from wives, parents from small children, robbing families with babies of cows, since as he would say, cows were “more needed in the Reich.”

Of course, the Buni brothers never forgot about their own needs. They took home everything they could, loyal to the principle: “Give it up, or I’ll take it together with your life!”

Olexiy, upon finishing the Gestapo courses, became its branch staff member. In Snyatin, he was granted especially wide opportunities along these lines.

Residents of Vilshanitsya, of course, know far from everything about this butcher, although he often came there with heavy bundles of plundered property. Every such visit was marked with drunken revelries in which his brothers and other OUNites took part. But judging from the photo I found in the archives and from the recollections of the villagers about his participation in the brutal reprisal

against the Solonychny couple, Olexiy Levandovsky wasn't apparently an ordinary marauder. Besides, what's the use of keeping an ordinary criminal on staff at the Gestapo? What the fascists needed was professional killers.

Nevertheless, I found traces of the crimes committed by Olexiy Levandovsky — in court records of the testimonies by his former accomplices — Todosiychuk and Virstyuk — who served, together with him, in the Snyatin Gestapo force. Both were hiding for a long time until they were brought before the Soviet court. In their statements and testimonies they also mentioned Levandovsky Jr.

Todosiychuk stated: "He held the post of assistant officer. His salary was 250 zlotys a month. That wasn't very much, but he never complained of lack of money. We had other sources of profit. Thus, for example, the Gestapo not only provided Olexiy Levandovsky with an apartment, but also furnished it at the expense of property taken from incarcerated persons. Levandovsky's major responsibility was taking part in the shooting of Soviet citizens of Jewish descent. Together with other participants of "Jewish actions," he picked up to the belongings of those they had shot. Far from everything was delivered to the police storehouse. The policemen took special care of and kept for themselves small valuables. Olexiy Levandovsky was so enthusiastic about these "actions" that he volunteered to take part even when he wasn't on duty."

Virstyuk had this to add to Todosiychuk's statement: "Also taking part in executions were Zax, Gestapo chief, and Otto and Riede Diesner. Otto was an assistant to the chief. Together taking part in executions, Olexiy Levandovsky made friends with the Gestapo leadership, benefiting from it very much. They forgave him many things, especially when it came to his sadistic inclinations. When he was on duty at the Gestapo ward, for instance, he liked to torture the inmates. When drunk, he would go downtown, beating passersby on the street. Some dared complain. But he was never punished for this. Because he was considered to be irreplaceable during interrogations."

Today, Levandovsky's adherents feel free to operate, jointly with rogues from the League for the Defense of Jews (!), an organization that has earned ill fame. A touching solidarity between murderers and anti-Soviet provocateurs, it is!

* * *

Modern world with its many communication means doesn't seem too large. Ivan Deputat, eighty-year-old resident of Vilshanitsya, recently made a trip to see his son in Canada. He had quite a few things to tell those who met him overseas. Considerable changes have occurred in the village of Vilshanitsya during the postwar years.

Here is some facts and figures I put down in my notebook.

Ninety-five percent of apartments in the village are newly built. These are neat-looking, spacious and gaily colored brick cottages with tin and tile roofs. In summer, heavy crowns of apple trees, bathing in generous sunshine, peep into large windows. The local collective farm operates a brickyard and a sawmill, so there's enough building material available whenever it is needed. Besides, there is also a construction team of some 120 highly qualified specialists. Each of them always has some work to do, be it summer or winter.

At present, the construction of a three-storied secondary school is nearing completion; they have also built a communal service center employing 30, a three kilometer watermain is being laid. This enumeration could be much longer.

Seeing me putting all this down in my notebook, people reminded me: "Make sure you don't forget to mention that during the Ninth Five-Year Plan period alone, 35 of our villagers have been awarded orders and medals."

It is worthy of note that all this prosperity is a result of people's inspired labor. Over the last few years, the collective farm's income has exceeded 1,000,000 roubles. Ivan Deputat was well aware of all this when going to Canada. But he didn't speak frankly about this with everybody over there. Why?

Upon his return, the old man told me and many other villagers who formed an eager audience: "Some 'well-wishers' over there said I better speak as little as possible about the Soviet Union, because my stories might be considered propagandistic..."

Who were those 'well-wishers' we found out later on, when Ivan Deputat said that Sava Levandovsky

invited him over. He lives in Winnipeg, it turned out.

"As a matter of fact, his apartment is smaller than mine," the old man added. "But that's strange," one of the listeners exclaimed, "he used to have a big stone house before, and now lives in a small apartment. People told me — and they were told by some of his relatives — that Sava had a big stone house, he did!"

Is Sava trying to look poorer than he is in reality? Probably. You can't really boast of the stuff you had once looted. The more so that international law has been lately enriched by a new instrument to the effect that war criminals and crimes against humanity aren't subject to prescription. Probably that was why, when asked by Ivan Deputat about the whereabouts of Olexa Levandovsky, Sava mumbled something about his being lost or dead. But even back in Vilshanitsya people know — from the Levandovskys' relatives — that all of them found shelter in Canada. Miroslav's address, for example, is 208 Marion St., Norwood, Manitoba, Canada.

They live today, confident they have managed to conceal their dreadful, blood-stained past. They have not! Take another look at the photo. We ask people living across the ocean: Is this known in Canada?

Ya. TUMARKIN
(Courtesy of "Visti z Ukrayini")

IN THE SERVICE OF TREASON

Volyn Region is especially beautiful in summer — dotted with a luxuriant carpet of lovage and rue, abundant in tender Polissya nature and clear blue lakes and rivers.

Hoisting cranes over Lutsk remind one of storks in the heavens. The rattle of tractors echoes from the vast collective-farm fields.

Young girls are busy tending flowers at Lesya Ukrainka's homestead in the village of Kolodyazne. Further on stretch forests and fields, and the fishermen's boats rock gently in the pink mist.

Located in Stara Vizhivka, the village of Sedlishche emerges big and white from this thick carpet of greenery. Neat brick cottages, one better than the next, with beautiful carved window frames, line the streets.

It is hard to divert one's thoughts from such beauty, from a land of peaceful labor and joyous songs, and think of the dreadful past the memories of which make one's blood run cold. But such is the nature of human memory. Nothing is forgotten, no one has sunk in oblivion. These memories grant to each his own — glory to the heroes, glory that is never erased from people's memory as new generations come forth; disgrace and condemnation to the traitors.

People's memory forever bears grudges against those who committed evil to their fellow countrymen.

..Not so long ago, a letter was received at the Sedlishche Village Soviet of Working People's Deputies. The return address read: "M. Bronetsky, Lancashire, England."

The letter was handed over to Andriy Luhvishchyk, chairman of the Soviet. He ripped open the envelope. Glued to a slip of Scotch tape was an article from the March 6, 1974, issue of the *Silski Visti* (Rural News) newspaper entitled "Rozplata" (Day of Reckoning). Enclosed was a typed threat...

The article in the envelope carried a brief account of the trial in Sedlishche during which OUNite bandit, Stepan Panasyuk, found and hauled in 30 years after the war, was sentenced to the capital punishment.

The threat was signed: "Ukrainian Patriots."

"See what the scoundrels are driving at!" exclaimed the chairman of the Village Soviet. "Patriots, are they! They are nothing but monsters and murderers who managed to escape just retribution and are now sitting pretty on overseas rubbish heaps!"

"Who's this Bronetsky?" wondered Mikhailo Yedinets, chairman of the local collective farm. Then he added: "Probably another sonofabitch barking from somebody else's gateway."

"Who gave them the right to call themselves patriots?" burst out Leonid Zhuk, official from the post office.

"But, maybe, it's only natural. Birds of a feather..., you know. This here Bronetsky must be from the same outfit, as Panasyuk."

Stepan Panasyuk's father, Timofiy Panasiyuk, was elder at the neighboring village of Cheremshanki. The fascists themselves shot him one night, like a stray dog, for something he didn't do to their liking. Prior to the war, Panasyuk Jr. was a railroad man. He violated Soviet law, was charged with a criminal offence and incarcerated by the Soviet authorities.

In 1942, he left Kharkiv with a Nazi pass in his pocket and trudged all the way to Cheremshanki which he stealthily entered at night.

At the time when battles raged in the east, when the occupants brought destruction and death wherever they stepped, the best sons and daughters of Volyn went to fight the enemy in the underground, joined partisans and people's avengers. But Stepan Panasyuk was altogether a different type. He took his daddy's road and started collecting milk "for the needs of the Third Reich." Well, he wasn't lucky. Even now the Cheremshanki villagers laugh recollecting his "milk endeavors." The fortune he wanted to make on milk was doomed to failure from the very start, along with milk cans that were found smashed up every other morning.

The slippery path soon brought the milk-fortune-seeker to a Ukrainian bourgeois nationalist outfit — the OUN Security Service *boiyivka* (unit) in the village of Sedlishche. The cutthroats of this Banderite Gestapo, whose cruelty was even superior to that of their SS overlords, taught Stepan: "Our rule must be terrifying. We must see to it that not a single village recognizes Soviet power. The OUN's ultimate mission is to act in such a way so as to exterminate all those who are loyal to Soviet rule. Not frighten them, but physically destroy them!"

This spawn of misanthropic Banderite ideas, borrowed from Goebbels doctrine, brought death and tears to many homes.

Well-trained butcher, Panasyuk (bandit alias Vishnya) plunged into a bloody orgy. Blood stained the clear water of wells, forests and groves reverberated with screams of tortured grownups and moans of butchered children, flames of blazing homes glistened on the faces of cutthroats, twisted in a paroxysm of sadistic delight.

...For three days the village of Sedlishche shuddered and boiled in the throes of people's wrath. Almost a

thousand persons gathered here to take part in the trial over former OUNite Stepan Panasyuk. There weren't enough seats at the assembly hall of the local House of Culture where the judgement was held. Those who couldn't get inside stood on the square in front of the building, listening to the trial that was transmitted over the loudspeakers. It was spring, but people's hearts turned ice cold as they listened to Panasyuk's short replies: "Yes, I shot them..., I was ordered to kill..."

This shuddering incompatibility between bright sunshine around them and the whirlwind of fury and thirst for vengeance inside them seemed to manifest the encounter of the bright present day and dark past.

Their faces burned with hatred for the murderer, people sobbed listening to the testimonies of eyewitnesses and presentations by the state and public prosecutors, looking at the documents displayed during the trial. Mass meetings were held throughout the district prior to the judgement. People who took part ruthlessly condemned the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism.

When the guard led Panasyuk into the court-room he was afraid to look at anybody. His fingers were trembling, he shrunk and waddled along as if on artificial limbs. He was a small man with thinning hair and ignorance written on his face, horrifying with his capability to commit the most dreadful crimes. For thirty years he hid from people's retribution in Zbarazh District (Ternopil Region) and in the Crimea. He would never give himself up and confess his guilt. He wormed himself into the confidence of people and Soviet authorities. Worked at the local post office, then carpentered. Hoped everything would be forgotten. But there's no escape from people's wrath. His grownup son and daughter disowned their father. Both are college graduates, work and live an honest life.

During the preliminary investigation Panasyuk was brought to Stepanida Yevtushik's home. Then they went to the Noviy Hrunt natural boundary — where the crime had been committed.

"Look, Stepan," the woman said, "you killed my husband here and left me with three children. Soviet power has helped me bring them up and raise them. Soviet

power has put your children on their feet, too. And you — ”

Not a single word escaped the butcher's lips. Instead, he hastily reached into his pocket for a cigarette.

Sobbing, another witness, Tetyana Makaruk, spoke at the trial about her father who worked at the District Executive Committee prior to the war.

“It happened on the morning of January 18, 1944. We had gotten up and were busy with house chores. Suddenly my mother looked out the window and said worriedly: ‘There are some people coming.’ When they came closer to our house my father tried to calm my mother: ‘Now, there’s nothing to worry about, Maria,’ he told her. ‘See, there’s that Stepan Komishivsky from Cheremshanki coming, too. You don’t really think there is going to be any trouble between neighbors, do you?’ Two of them entered the house while one stayed in the courtyard. They tried to beat about the bush at first. ‘Can you show us the road to Chevel?’ they began. ‘How come you are asking? There’s a guy with you who is from the nearby village,’ my father reasoned.

“Okay, man, you better hold it and get moving, fast!” came the command. All of us followed Father. ‘Here is the road,’ he said. But they wouldn’t even look in the direction he pointed. They were glaring at my father, sizing him up. ‘Hey you there, go back!’ they shouted at our mother and us. One of them pushed her. No sooner had we closed the door than we heard a shot. Our father made a few unsteady steps toward the house. A bandit with a black strip over his eye shot him through the shoulder. Then Panasyuk fired his gun right at my father’s heart.

“There he is, murderer of our father!” Tetyana Makaruk pointed at Panasyuk. “People in Cheremshanki called him ‘Komishivsky.’”

“Is what the witness has testified true?” the judge asked Panasyuk.

“It is...”

His hand didn’t shake when he was aiming his gun at the heart of a man whose daughter studied in the same grade with him...

That same morning Panasyuk and other OUN security men visited the home of Serhiy Sidorchuk, member of the

Communist Party of Western Ukraine and secret contact of Soviet partisans. When he tried to struggle out of the bandits' hands, Vishnya killed him with two shots from his short-barreled rifle.

Sidorchuk's son, Mikhailo, was eight then. Now he works at the local collective farm. On that day Mikhailo was skating not far from his house when suddenly he caught sight of armed people approaching his house. He wanted to warn his father and ran home, but he was too late...

"Three of them entered the room," Mikhailo recollected, "one slugged my mother. I took Father's hand —" Mikhailo stopped, unable to speak, fighting back the tears.

Next to testify at the trial was local collective farmer Mykola Tymoshchuk. He stood up, thickset and snow-white — with age and anger. His wife, Varvara, was deputy to the Village Soviet prior to the war. Panasyuk broke into their home and fired at Varvara who was holding a baby in her arms. Frightened, the child threw her arms around the mother. The bullet pierced the woman's breast and the daughter's palm. Mykola buried his wife and for the rest of his life took care of the daughter whose right hand was mutilated. At present she works at a state farm in Pyatikhatki, so she also came to the trial. Vira remembers how proudly her mother behaved in front of the butchers. When one of them asked her what she was, she replied: "What the people elected me to be."

The testimonies by the Stasyuk brothers, Vasil and Petro, fell like a heavy rock of accusations on the head of the defendant. That same January day in 1944, tragedy also befell the home of their father, Petro Stasyuk.

"We had just finished our breakfast and were about to start chopping straw. We went out into the courtyard to get some straw and noticed several armed persons approaching the house. That year was turbulent as the fascists were beating a hasty retreat, so we figured at first those were Nazis. I hid behind the door in the cattle shed. The bandit with a black strip over his eye shouted: 'Come out, whoever you are!' They dragged me into the house and put all of us against the wall. Then they started shooting. I saw my mother stagger to the floor. As the shooting continued my brother and I also fell. Mikhailo's

blood splattered over me... They were firing dum-dum bullets. They wouldn't even spare three-year-old Ivan. The little boy suffered for a long time before he died — the bullet hit him in the stomach. Before leaving the room, the butchers rolled the bodies of the mother and the four sons with their boots. They thought all of us were dead. Then they opened all doors, let the cattle loose and took our father, tied, God-knows-where. Even now we don't know where his grave is. Later, I felt my younger brother move beside me. Blood-stained as we were, we ran to the village."

How about it, "Ukrainian Patriots?" Maybe, these testimonies aren't enough for you to see why Panasyuk was sentenced to death? In fact, there were still worse cutthroats among your wolf packs, so you must know even more about this. Stepan Panasyuk, bloody murderer, driven into a corner by the prosecution, nevertheless tried to get out of a scrape and kept on repeating "I was ordered to" in the hope of placing the blame on those of you who sent the above-mentioned threatening letter.

Wasn't this message by any chance written by that same bloody hand of Kirilo Zvarich? The same hand that shot a whole wedding party, newlyweds included, in the village of Yarevishche (Stara Vizhivka District)? Soviet press wrote about him previously under the title "People, Beware Zvarich!" and "A Butcher on Bail." It is also possible that the correspondent is Yukhim Osiyik (alias Oleg), former commandant of the Stara Vizhivka OUN force, or henchman Matviy Matviychuk, who fled to Great Britain (Rugdale Lance, 10 West), or Yakiv Lyashchuk (bandit alias Cossack) who found shelter from just retribution in the United States (9 Starer Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, 4241.).

It was they who killed Hanna Shanyukevich, secretary of the Nova Vizhivka Village Soviet, tortured to death Paraska Kremenyuk, killed her daughter, Maria, who was guilty of her son's being a partisan. Lyashchuk hit Maria with an ax on the head. She tried to run away. He ran after her, caught up, dragged her to a pit and shot her and her mother with his pistol. That same time Matviychuk shot two Stara Vizhivka villagers in a nearby forest — Semen Sopronyuk and Yakiv Balak. And what about the 180 civilians tortured to death at the

forestry near the village of Khotivli? Osiyik-Oleg's cutthroats locked them in a barn, hurled a couple of handgrenades there and burned the people alive.

Soviet troops were fighting the Nazi monster in the west. In the meantime, those traitors and butchers showed their tough guts behind the rear lines, torturing and murdering elderly people, helpless women and children.

Stepan Zakharchuk, veteran of the 1941-1945 Great Patriotic War, had this to say at the trial: "The yellow-blue cutthroats* of the Pidkova gang, like wild beasts, did away with Vasil Andriychuk, chairman of the Promin Village Soviet, Lutsk District. They tied his hands with wire, drove him out of his house and started torturing him. First, they cut off his nose, then ears, tongue and, finally..., beheaded him. The way they tortured and killed the man outmatched medieval executions — they stuck his head on a pillar in the latticed fence. Then they left, but soon returned and tortured to death Andriychuk's wife and four children.

Come to think of it that some of these monsters still live unpunished, like normal people! Mykola Yedinets (alias Vovk), former **referent** (leader — **Ed.**) of the Stara Vizhivka **boyivka** (lit., combat unit — OUNite armed gang — **Ed.**), is still hiding somewhere.

In 1949, the yellow-blue ruffians murdered Zhukov, first secretary of the Stara Vizhivka District Party Committee, and Anhelov, editor-in-chief of the district newspaper. Nikifor Komisarik, chairman of the District Executive Committee, survived — but received many body wounds.

"I recollect Panasyuk with hatred and contempt, because his hands are stained with blood of so many people," Komisarik stated at the trial. "Cutthroats like him recognize neither morals nor law, except for the law of the knife and bayonet handed them by the Gestapo henchmen. In Sedlischche alone, they murdered 47 residents whom I knew personally and together with whom I had once fought for a bright future of our native parts."

The audience in the hall and those standing on the square in front of the House of Culture exploded with

* Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists had a yellow-blue banner as a symbol of "Independent Ukraine" — **Ed.**

ovation when they heard the verdict of the court. The fascist traitor turned deathly pale and staggered when the sentence was read. He pleaded for his life in the hope that Soviet court's traditional humaneness would come to his rescue.

So, that's how it was, Mr. Bronetsky the Advocate of the murderer and werewolf Panasyuk, or, rather, all of you over there, types like Pidkova, Vishnya, Cossack, Oleg and the like. Raging in impotent fury, you keep on blasting away with dirty slanders and threats. All you need — and you'd die to have the chance — is to be able to once again start murdering, strangling, hanging people, cutting their noses and ears and throwing their bodies into wells, piling them up to the brim.

No matter how closely you collaborate with Zionists and other reactionary riffraff, licking heels of the monopolies' big bosses, no matter how much you may lower yourselves to curry their favors — you are doomed by history itself! You have emerged from darkness — you shall sink into it!

There is apparently nothing you hold sacred. You betrayed your countrymen for the sake of making fortunes with their enemies. People have disowned you, they shall forever utterly detest you. The crimes you have committed shall never sink in oblivion. They shall never be covered with earth, neither shall they be washed away with water running under the bridge of time.

As the ardent Ukrainian publicist Yaroslav Halan — also one of your victims — had once put it, there isn't even a proper name for you in the human language. Sooner or later you will find yourselves at the bar. You will be heard by a formidable Judge — your countrymen, a judge whom you have betrayed. Nothing has been forgotten here!

The Sedlishche villagers laughed at your threatening letter. One big threat it was, they said! As all other Soviet people, they work with inspiration and enthusiasm, proud of their joint achievements within a friendly family of Soviet nations. They look upon future with firm confidence. They are not ones to be bullied — all those unpunished fascist scoundrels are only too well aware of this.

...Bright sun shines over Sedlishche. Young farmers

drive their trucks out to the field. People are busy on the farms. Buses ride along the village's main thoroughfare, bound for Stara Vizhivka, Kovel and Lutsk.

Children chatter gaily at a new village school. There are a hundred and fifty of them studying there. When evening comes, songs are heard from the local House of Culture; people go to the show, watch performances.

Not far from the House of Culture a memorial is being erected in honor of the fellow villagers who perished in battle against fascism. There will be 209 names engraved in gold on the granite.

There are 35 deputies at the Sedlishche Soviet. Every day they have to attend to most varied matters, these people-elected authorities.

May you forever live in joy and happiness, the village of Sedlishche! May flowers bloom under the windows. May songs ring out at weddings and housewarming parties. As regards those black werewolves and traitors of their people, it is worth quoting here the words of the prominent Ukrainian poet Maxim Rylsky:

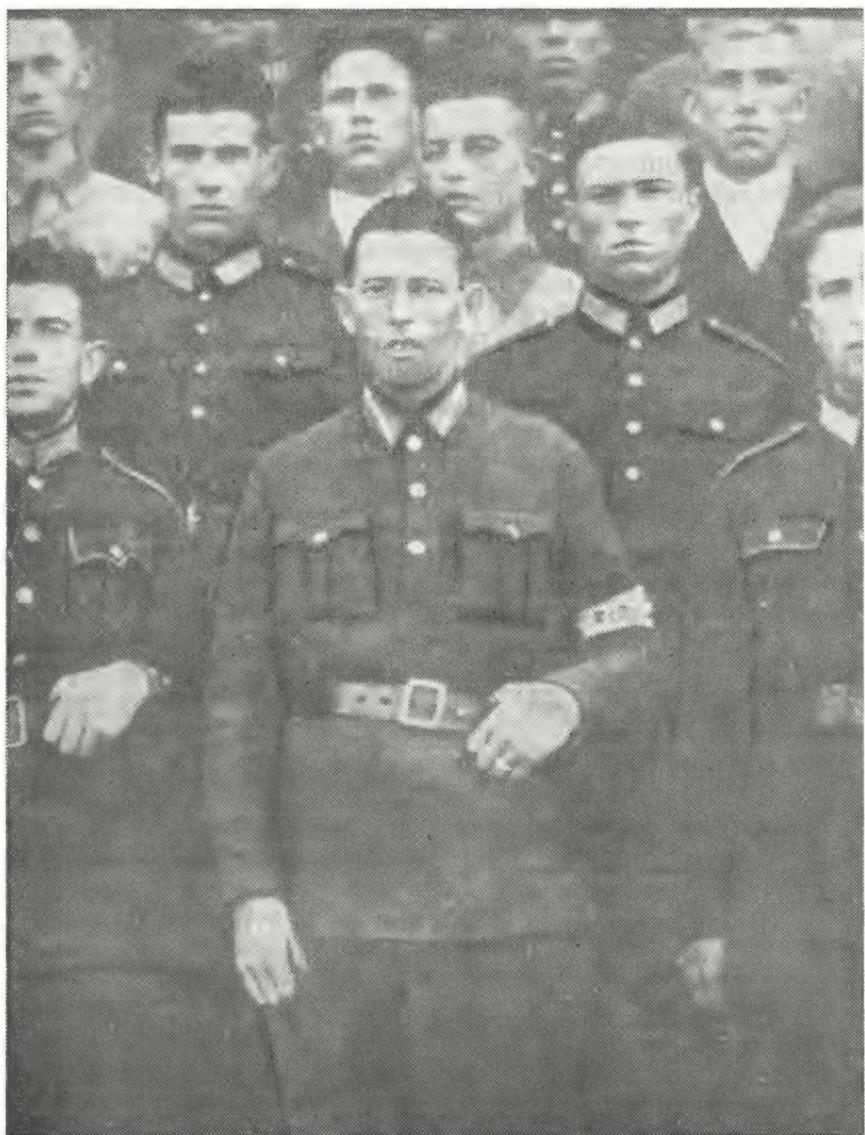
May the Earth not take you, accursed.
May your trace be burnt off the surface
of the earth.

ILLYA BERDNIK,
Volyn Region
(Courtesy of "Silski Visti")

THE OUTCASTS

It was a hell of a night, the wicked flames devoured houses, set afire by the policemen. Eighteen women and children, former owners of these burning homes, trudged slowly along a street in the village of Popivtsi, Volochisk District, Khmelnitsky Region. They had no idea of what lay ahead, behind them drunkenly waddled the bloodthirsty "knights of the new order," yelling obscenities.

The women walked in silence, staring with tearless eyes at the roaring bonfires that had once been their homes, and were now gnawing at the fruits of their many



Murderer Luka Ostrovsky (center) together with his henchmen.

years of hard work. A feeling that something terrible was going to happen didn't leave their minds for a single moment. But this depressing misgiving was somewhat stifled by their hatred of the accursed butchers. Even the children held back the tears, clinging in fear to their mothers.

Ksenia Panchuk had three children with her — two daughters holding on to the flaps of her jacket and a baby whom she carried in her arms. When the procession reached a sloppy ravine in the village outskirt the police guard lined them up.

"C'mon, fellows," ordered one of the policemen, "do a clean job!" He was of medium height and had a snubby nose. "See how nice they stand," he waved his hand without the index finger at the women and children.

Ksenia saw a grin flash across his face in the glint of fire. Different thoughts ran through her mind at that moment, but she never had time to fully realize what was going to happen. A burst of machine-gun fire cut into her two daughters and sent them staggering to the ground. Instinctively pressing her baby son tight, the woman tried to scream when one of the bullets pierced the small and warm body of the child, knocking Ksenia off balance.

It was the night of February 3, 1944. As if by bitter mercy of Fate, Ksenia survived, having lost all her children.

Next morning, she and her gravely wounded neighbor Maria Oliynyk were found among the dead by their fellow villager Roman Bereza.

"I never imagined that people could be such monsters," Panchuk told me, "but I saw the faces of some of them. I shall remember them for as long as I live. They called each other by human names: Hrihoriy, Mykola, Olexa, But come to think of it, are they really human beings? Wild beasts couldn't possibly do what they did, talking and joking with each other as if nothing happened..."

What actually happened that night in the village of Popovtsi? Who were those murderers?

This was one of the ordinary "actions" of which every policeman had dozens to his credit. They "simply" shot their hostages in order to intimidate the partisans. This massacre was committed by a group of policemen from the Starokostyantiniv Criminal Police. Later, many such

Mykolas and Olexas did not escape just retribution. However, some did manage to hide.

Below is a story about two of them.

* * *

"I remember one of them," Panchuk told me, "a gay fellow, Hrihoriy by name. He kept on joking all the time. One thing I can't understand: where such a scum comes from!"

Here is an excerpt from the statement made by O. Maslyanko, former officer of the criminal police in the town of Starokostyantiniv: "As regards my involvement in the shooting of 18 persons in the village of Popivtsi in February 1944, I fully acknowledge my guilt. However, I find it difficult to state now how many people I executed personally, because I was shooting into a crowd. Hrihoriy Ulitsky was shooting together with me..."

This was that same Hrihoriy, wild beast in human skin. The crimes he committed make one's blood run cold at the slightest memory.

He was born and grew up in the village of Sarniv, Volo-chisk District. Hrihoriy wasn't any different than his coevals, friends, schoolmates or people living next door. The difference was revealed later, when he was called up to fight the fascist invaders. It was then that Ulitsky took a different road than that of his fellow countrymen. He became a policeman and started serving the Nazi occupants. Now he had the opportunity of building his life according to the principle he had learnt from his father: "Keep a firm hold of what you have and never miss a chance to grab someone else's."

To put it simpler, Hrihoriy had a chance now to rob people openly. After every shooting of civilians he brought to his parents' home bundles of clothing and other things. It was for this freedom to rob people that Hrihoriy was ready to torture, kill and burn.

* * *

The life of such a person must be filled with fear, despite encouragement from his superiors. Such people have a lot of enemies. Every honest man is among their foes. Hrihoriy had a sure way of getting rid of his enemies — by killing them. In 1943 he submitted a list of

60 names of his fellow villagers to the SD, pointing out these people as "potentially dangerous" to the fascists. He was only too well aware of what awaited the people whom he named. But this didn't stop him. He was a real monster, which fact was welcomed by Graf, head of the Starokostyantiniv police force. He selected five names from Ulitsky's report: P. Vorobyov, K. Rak, Ye. Hladovsky, S. Doskoch and P. Khodakivsky.

These five persons were shot by the fascists. The sixth was murdered by Hrihoriy and his brother at their own will. The sixth victim was their fellow villager, Yakiv Rak. It was early in September, 1943. They drove Yakiv Rak to the bridge on the road to Porokhnya. There they robbed and sadistically murdered him. The victim was found next morning. Rak's naked body was stabbed and cut in many places, his skull was broken, his mouth and ears were mutilated and stuffed with earth.

Here is what eyewitness M. Kutasevich stated: "That day I was standing guard on the beet field. Around ten o'clock in the evening a horse-driven cart approached me from the village of Sarniv. The cart stopped and I heard Yakiv Rak's voice: "Look here, Ulitsky, we're all from the same village. Don't kill me!" There was no reply. In a few moments I heard a heart-tearing scream. I saw the Ulitsky brothers stab Rak with what looked like bayonets or knives. They didn't notice me. Rak was screaming even louder now. I was so scared I couldn't stay there, I started running home across the field."

Former policeman Maslyanko, later arrested, was questioned about the reasons for the incarceration and killing of the above people. His reply was laconic: "There had been some accounts to be squared between them and the Ulitsky brothers, Hrihoriy and Olexa."

Hrihoriy systematically beat up and tortured all those who were suspected of unloyalty to the fascists, or who once threw him or his brother a dirty look.

H. Kolomiyets, former cleaning woman at the criminal police headquarters, testified in 1947: "The Ulitsky brothers, Hrihoriy and Olexa, were notorious for their inhuman tortures of prisoners. They lay them on an oak bench and scourged them with a riding whip braided of thick wire and rubber. Almost every day I heard tortured people's

screams and groans. There were cases when people died right after the whipping there in that room."

Here is an excerpt from the records of the trial over Maslyanko, dated March 13, 1964: "...Early in the fall of 1943, we entered the home of one citizen. I don't remember the name of the town. It was in Shepetivka District. We were let in by a woman and asked her where her husband was. The woman remained silent. Shortly after, policemen Hontar and Babenko pushed the owner of the house into the room. Seeing that his life was in danger, he attacked policeman Savchenko to retrieve his gun. I fired my pistol at the owner of the house but missed and hit Savchenko instead. Then Hontar and Babenko ordered me out of the house. Hrihoriy and Olexa Ulitsky shot the host, his wife and two small children and set fire to the house."

The enumeration of such crimes could be continued, as Hrihoriy Ulitsky killed many people. He murdered people upon orders, out of fury, out of intoxicating awareness of his own freedom from punishment, and later, out of fear of the forthcoming retribution. In the spring of 1944, he, together with other miserable riffraff, fled overseas to avoid justice. Where is he now?

Danilo Kernichny, whose present addresses are: Oxford Station R.R. 1, Ontario, Canada; RR5 Spencerville, Ontario, Canada, could give the best information to this effect.

As regards Kernichny, well, to make a long story short, those who had once seen butcher Hrihoriy Ulitsky would easily recognize him in Danilo Kernichny. But neither foreign lands nor fake names will save him from inevitable retribution!

* * *

Another traitor, Luka Ostrovsky, also found shelter in Canada. His present address is: 2643 Coleraine, Montreal 22PQ, Canada. He doesn't look like Ulitsky, but there is something in common between the two of them — crimes they have committed against their people while in the service of the fascist invaders. Their activities at that time were remarkably similar. Only scenes of crimes and the names of their victims were different.

Does Luka Ostrovsky remember the names of people he did away with? Probably not. There were too many

of them and, besides, he never had time to ask about their identity. His job was to "maintain order." And this is exactly what he did. But the people have not forgotten his deeds.

Residents of Yarmolintsi remember how in the fall of 1941 Luka Ostrovsky scourged his fellow villagers standing in line at the bread store. He did it "in the name of order."

"He hit me in the head with his riding whip, although he saw I had a baby in my arms," recollects Tetyana Bezvukh.

Yarmolintsi residents remember him paint, with utmost diligence, bourgeois nationalistic slogans on the walls of the bread store. Probably, this was supposed to be a kind of psychologic prelude to be followed by the "real action" that started in 1942.

M. Bereza, former policeman, testified: "In the fall, I saw with my own eyes how Ostrovsky murdered Semen Wolf, driver at the district coop consumers' society, at the Jewish graveyard.

His former mates, policemen Ivanitsky and Karbovsky, testified that late in 1942 Luka Ostrovsky took part in a mass killing of population in Yarmolintsi.

Ivanitsky, in part, stated: "Many residents of Horodok saw with their own eyes how Luka Ostrovsky personally hanged villagers Vereshchinsky, Vinohradsky, Krivopesh and Drozdov in the square of the town in 1943."

Many people witnessed his crimes and they well remember the bloodthirsty butcher!

Also the murder and burning of two families in the village of Kuzminska Sloboda in the fall of 1943.

Here is what Vasil Litnitsky testified:

"I was visiting my brother, Olexiy Litnitsky, when a truck with a group of policemen came to a stop at the house. I recognized Luka Ostrovsky among the policemen. He came into the room and demanded that my brother tell him everything he knows about the partisans. My brother was not connected with the partisans, and said so. Luka ordered me out of the house. My brother, wife and two children were led into one of the rooms. Ostrovsky was accompanied by two policemen. I was in the yard when I heard shots in the house. Luka left the house and ordered me to bring out the belongings of my brother into the

yard. When I came in I saw that my brother and all the family were dead.

"After that Luka Ostrovsky and the policemen went over to the house of Furman, living next door. They killed Furman and his family. The houses were set on fire and the bodies burnt to ashes."

"Ostrovsky forced me to take the victims' belongings out of their houses," testified eyewitness Pavlo Kozenko. "He felt no shame when robbing the dead."

There was indeed striking resemblance between the ways the two policemen — Ulitsky and Ostrovsky — did their job. The resemblance was so great that one could think one and the same person operated in Yarmolintsi and Starokostyantiniv, in Popivtsi and Horodok. Yes, there is much in common between the two scoundrels, that's why Soviet people refer to them in the same terms: traitors and butchers of their countrymen. But they are still unpunished and feel at home on Canadian soil. Local Ukrainian communities don't seem to mind!

* * *

Not so long ago, Soviet people ceremoniously observed the thirtieth anniversary of Soviet Ukraine's liberation from the fascist invaders. They remember with deep affection the name of every one of those who rose in arms against the accursed enemy, who made their own contribution to Victory which meant the salvation of mankind from the brown plague. We bow our heads in respect to those brave heroes who fell in battle for the freedom and independence of their Homeland. But we also remember about those who during the times of ordeals sold themselves to the fascist occupants, those who depredated the land of their fathers. They shall never be pardoned. Remembering the immortal Kobzar, we say to them:

"Just vengeance will reach you and befall you, no matter where you hide!"

M. BORISIUK
S. CHERNENKO
(Courtesy of "Visti z Ukraini")

IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, THE SON AND...

Ukrainian bourgeois nationalistic outcasts often sing glory to the "Son of God Mstislav." Scribblers of the yellow-blue corrupt press draw up treatises and praising odes, publish various brochures. They even plan to shoot a film about him. The only reason for these feverish activities is that now, in the evening of his life, Mstislav is praying day and night, raising up his hands, wet with people's blood, for the straining of relations between the Soviet Union and the United States. He is the herald of the "cold war," smearing Soviet Ukraine and her heroic people with all kinds of slander. The blossoming of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic within a friendly family of equal Union republics is a knife in Mstislav's heart. That is why he is delirious with rage. "Help me, God, to once again hear the thunder of artillery guns on the land of Bolshevik Ukraine!" he keeps on praying.

Who is this Mstislav, "messiah of the Orthodox Community," whose name in everyday life is Stepan Skrypnik?

Skrypnik is Petlura's nephew, and used to be his Aide. Even at that time, the would-be "messiah" won the fame of a top-class killer. He became aide of the "top Chief" Petlura in order to dispose of Ukraine together with his uncle. Like all other Petlurite cutthroats, Skrypnik set towns and villages afire, looted the residents, subjected innocent people to inhuman tortures. The "Son of God" Mstislav also organized Jewish pogroms. It was his special delight to smash his victims' heads against trees or stumps. For this purpose he tied them by a long rope to his horse.

After the counterrevolutionary forces were wiped from Ukraine, Petlura's aide fled, unpunished, westward. He was then picked by Pilsudsky adherents and, zealous servitor and professional provocateur as he was, Skrypnik got down to his well-practiced dirty job.

Skrypnik's duties were those of a watchdog — sneaking

around. He was sent to Nadzbruchya as a secret agent and started working as District Secretary in Borsuki, Ternopil Region.

He was always dressed in national costume, tried to be nice to everybody, pretending to be an ardent "patriot." In reality, this "patriot" was a sadistic murderer. He killed and tortured, leaving behind death, grief and tears. Using his reports, the police threw revolutionary-minded workers and peasants in prison cells and behind barbed wires of concentration camps. Many homes were set on fire, many Galicians became homeless beggars because of Skrypnik's services.

But the fake patriot was soon unmasked. His masters had enough brains to realize that it was high time to transfer their agent to some other place. Skrypnik was sent to Volyn which was then referred to as Redland — for its large-scale revolutionary movement.

In Lutsk, he was cordially welcomed by District Secretary Yuzefsky, former Petlurite minister. The two of them soon found out that they were birds of a feather. Once, beating a hasty retreat from eastern Ukrainian regions under the blows of proletarian forces, both marked their bloody routes with the flames of burning homes, and later, took an oath of allegiance to Pilsudsky.

Following Skrypnik's secret reports, many workers and peasants in Volyn were incarcerated for their struggle for land and freedom, for a better future, for joining the Communist Party of Western Ukraine.

In 1926, Yuzefsky recommended Skrypnik for the enrollment in a higher school of political science in Warsaw. Upon graduation the newly-baked politician with a diploma was sent to Rovno. This time he had no suit on. Instead, he wore a Ukrainian embroidered shirt and a straw hat. He was again camouflaged as a District Secretary.

For his services as a well-trained secret agent he was paid good money. He declared himself a defender of Volyn "against the reign of Godless communist rule" and became instigator of bloody "pacifications" aimed at terrorizing workers and peasants, suppressing their fighting spirit. Even now the old-timers in Horodok, Bila Krinitsya, Hlinki, Shpaniv and many other villages still remember the haughty landlord's lackey, whom mothers used to frighten their children with. Together

with a gang of sheriffs, tax collectors and policemen, the District Secretary raided villagers' homes, robbing them blind if they failed to pay taxes, smashing their pottery, threatening to throw them in prison.

Skrypnik's assiduous service didn't pass unnoticed. The police authorities promoted him from the so-called "non-party bloc" to the position of a Sejm Ambassador.

In June 1931, together with a Petlura Cornet Petro Pevniy, Skrypnik set up the notorious Volyn Ukrainian Association (VUA) for the money of the District Administration. The VUA sent a telegram to Pilsudsky in which they addressed him as a "great friend of the Ukrainian people." The telegram, in part, read: "We are ready, following the order by the Sejm Marshal, to stand in defense of the border of the beloved Polska Rzecz Po-
spolita."

At that time Skrypnik started plotting various kinds of schemes within the clerical domain. Foaming at the mouth, he propagated the expansion of Ukrainian Orthodox Christianity — the so-called Independent Ukrainian Church. It wasn't a caprice of the Petlurite henchman, neither was it a manifestation of "adherence to independence" as one might think. Skrypnik acted in this manner following the instructions of Polish ruling circles who, in conspiracy with Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, strove to lull the vigilance of Volyn's population, forcing them to forget about their Ukrainian and Russian brothers in the East. Polish chauvinists called Ukrainian Orthodox worshippers "Christians of Eastern Rituals" and tried to force them in Catholicism, thus expediting Polonization of age-old Ukrainian territories.

There are people living in Rovno, Volyn and Ternopil regions who witnessed in 1933 Stepan Skrypnik, Sejm Ambassador and VUA leader, together with a gang of kulak and priest cutthroats, trample holy banners in Pochayiv Monastery.

On that day the monastery celebrated its traditional anniversary of returning to Orthodoxy (1831) and expelling monks of the St. Basil Order. Following instructions of local authorities, Stepan Skrypnik, Petro Pevniy and other Petlurites tried to use this festivity for their own purposes — to return Pochayiv Monastery to the "enlightenment" of Catholicism. When the service was in progress,

Skrypnik organized a get-together in the churchyard, orating to a bunch of alcoholics and hooligans, inciting them to rise against the "Muscovites" who, he claimed, were hiding in the Monastery. And when the religious procession with crosses and banners started, the young bandits with tridents on their hats a la Mazepa, whistling and cursing, attacked the worshippers, grabbing holy banners from their hands, hurling them on the ground, yelling, pushing and slugging.

The Kozatski Mohili (Cossacks' Graves) on Zhuravlis Island near the village of Plyasheva, Chervonoarmiysk District, are near and dear to the heart of one and all. Buried here are the remains of Bohdan Khmelnitsky's valorous Cossacks who died a hero's death beating off the attacks by the numerically superior forces of Polish King Jan Casimir in 1651. People from all parts of the country visited this place. Skrypnik and other henchmen considered this seditious. They strongly opposed the pilgrimage to the Kozatski Mohili since, they alleged, it ran counter to the interests of the Polish state. In this connection Skrypnik solicited Ignacy Moscicki, President of Rzecz Pospolita, and the latter complied with his request. On June 18, 1935, District Secretary Yuzefsky issued an order banning any kind of get-togethers, meetings at or pilgrimage to the Kozatski Mohili.

Skrypnik did so much evil to people that even his own yellow-blue press called him a "master of renegade deeds." But it so happened that, despite himself, Skrypnik stopped serving the Pilsudsky outfit. Landlord Poland ceased to exist and he proceeded on his way westward, seeking new masters. This time he was hired by Hitlerite Germany.

* * *

When Skrypnik joined the Nazi Camp they made no inquiries as to where he was from. Former Petlura's Aide was accepted because they sensed he was one of them. The records available to the Gestapo at that time testified that Stepan Skrypnik was an outbrazen enemy of Soviet power; therefore, he would certainly be loyal to the Reich.

Once again Skrypnik started his new career by receiving an advance payment. It was at the Nazi-occupied ancient Polish city of Cracow. The Ukrainian bourgeois nationalistic cutthroat became the Gestapo secret informer.

In April 1941, the "Second Great Congress of the OUN" — as the nationalists pompously called their get-together — was held in Cracow. Together with other nationalist leaders, Skrypnik solemnly pledged to be loyal to Adolf Hitler until his dying day. He also undertook to still closer collaborate with the Nazi intelligence service, drill OUNite recruits in a better way so they could be of good use for the fascists in time of the war against the Soviet Union.

Later Skrypnik was transferred closer to the border — to the town of Kholm. Although he had papers of an inspector of the Village Elders' Administration, his actual mission had nothing to do with the village management. He had undergone special training and was now assigned "staff member of the 204 Abwehr Group." Apart from everything else, he was engaged in training other secret saboteurs and professional killers in the Nazi-occupied town of Kholm. He taught them how to plunder Ukraine and torture her people.

When at the sunrise on June 22, 1941, the Hitlerite hordes crossed Soviet borders, Skrypnik "crossed himself" before Hitler's portrait and hurried after the advancing Nazi forces to help them establish the "New Order." Together with them he longed to plunder Ukrainian bread, fat, sugar, coal and iron ore...

As soon as Hitlerites appeared in Dubno, Skrypnik also showed himself in the town. Then followed a "murder-bus" in which they mortified their victims with gas, and crushing machines for grinding human bones. This hireling gathered a band of recidivists, outcasts and traitors and, on orders of the German Command, formed a so-called local administration. He delivered a lecture who and how they should kill in the name of "independent Mother-Ukraine:" "to exterminate all communists and Komsomol members, activists of Soviet rule, all who would oppose the new regime."

This fascist candidate to "Son of God" was ready to kill one and all only to make his services suit his masters. In Dubno, Skrypnik, together with a group of his adherents, set about building a "Mound of Liberation," on which a cross was installed with the inscription "Heil Hitler."

On Sunday, June 29, accompanied by Hitlerite officers, Skrypnik was already scurrying about the streets of Rovno in search of basements that could well serve as torture chambers.

Skrypnik organized meetings of nationalists and kulaks, set up various committees and societies which would loyally serve the occupants. He himself headed the so-called "Ukrainian Council of Confidence" in Volyn. He was immediately joined in this council of traitors by Bishop Polikarp — in "lay world" Petlurite Sikorsky, agent of the Abwehr under the alias "Starify"; top chief of the "Poliska Sich" band "Taras Bulba" — Borovets; fascist scribbler Ulas Samchuk and others.

During its first sitting on August 31, 1941, in Rovno, chaired by Skrypnik, the council passed a resolution to the effect that their first and foremost duty was to actively help the German army in the struggle against Soviet rule.

Here in Rovno, Skrypnik, with the money received from "Reich" and with the aid of other traitors, started to publish a profascist paper **Volyn**, which in every issue bombastically glorified the gory "New Order." At first, Skrypnik posed himself off as the "publisher" and general manager of this piece of scrape. However, this seemed rather insignificant to him, and beginning from January 29, 1942, he signed as "founder and editor-in-chief," thus emphasizing the fact that he, and nobody else, should receive the laurels for treason in Volyn Region.

Skrypnik used the dirtiest language in relation to other countries that opposed the Hitlerite regime. "These countries, which see their immediate failure," he yelled, "are England and the United States." At that time the "messiah" foresaid that "the eventual collapse of Bolshevism will be simultaneously their (England and U.S. — Ed.) defeat, too."

But, as it turned out, Skrypnik was no prophet. When the fascists were routed, their nationalist hangman was forced to while away his time in a country for which he once foretold immediate "defeat."

...Skrypnik knew that among those who wore a priest's robe he had his adherents who, even without him, would serve Hitler's regime. Some priests, as Martiniuk from

Sinyov in Hoshchansky District, had long worked for Hitler's intelligence. And when on the first days of the war the fascists infiltrated their paratroopers into the country, Martiniuk and his like gave them shelter in temples of God.

Before the Hitlerites could invade the Soviet land, this Bishop Platon from Rovno issued his pastoral address in which he wrote: "On this difficult, yet joyous hour for our land I address you when, with the help of the Lord, the glorious, invincible and valorous German army, led by the great Führer Adolf Hitler... is waging a continuous offensive and irreconcilable struggle against the Godless communist rule... Let us give all-round help to the glorious German army so they emerge triumphant."

Trying to outrun each other, they demonstrated their servile loyalty to the vandals, and trumpeted it in temples, monasteries and churches. After the "Te Deum," they sang praise to the "glorious German army." The clergy ejaculated from their pulpits: "He who fights against Germans today is a traitor of the Ukrainian people. We should only be together with Adolf Hitler's army..."

Skrypnik jubilated: he was complimented with *Gut*. Then an idea occurred to one of the Gestapo officers to invest him in a priest's robe. Skrypnik had no objections. In April 1942 he became a monk named Mstislav. And on May 12 the Gestapo ordained him a bishop.

Marking the anniversary of the German fascist invasion into the USSR, Mstislav Skrypnik and other crucifiers of people like him — Bishops Nikanor Abramovich, Fotiy Timoshchuk and Silvester Hayevsky sent a salutatory telegram to the Führer: "...We, bishops of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church, send you our assurance from Kiev, on our own behalf and on behalf of all Ukrainian people of which we are flesh and blood — of our sincere gratitude for the liberation and of our loyalty to the high ideas that Providence has ordained You to comply with. At this hour we appeal to the Lord Almighty with our ardent prayers and beg of Him to grant us strength and health to successfully accomplish the great cause You have commenced."

With Skrypnik's blessing, the priests sanctified knives and axes of nationalist murderers. Bishop of Pereyaslav, Vicar of Kiev, Mstislav "absolved sins" to those who hanged people or threw the "indocile" ones into wells.

Towns and villages burned and millions of Soviet people died at the hands of Hitlerites and their hirelings — the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, while Mstislav sang "Hymns to Hitler." He zealously saw to it that everything was subjugated to the "great aim" — victory of Hitlerite Germany.

With axes and gallows, the Independent Ukrainian Church and its Archbishop Mstislav recruited believers to make them docile slaves. The fascists shed oceans of blood and tears on the Ukrainian soil. But the "Holy Father" Mstislav of the Independent Ukrainian Church hissed from the pulpit that these and thousands of other terrible crimes committed by the invaders and their accomplices had been God's Will.

Serving today his new masters — the overseas war-mongers, Metropolitan Mstislav calls on his flock to be "warriors of Christ so that with the help of His angels to defend Christ's faith from communism."

In nurturing the ominous schemes of the third world war, the enemies of peace again count on Mstislav Skrypnik and his "Christ's army" — the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists.

M. RAYEVSKY
(Courtesy of "Chervony Prapor")

EYEWITNESSES ACCUSE

The arduous war years have sunk into oblivion. New towns and villages have appeared on the smoking ruins and scorched land; plants and collective farms have been reconstructed; the country has put on the garments of new construction sites.

Life goes on — it is irresistibly streaming ahead. But the wounds left by Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists still inflame the hearts of the people.

Residents of almost every village in Ivano-Frankivsk Region — in Illintsi, Tulunov, Dzhurov, Hankivtsi and in many others — are still shedding tears of grief over the victims of Banderite violence. The mourning people have

stigmatized the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists — those who had taken the road of betrayal and servitude against their people — with the brand of shame and indelible disgrace.

...The Illintsi Village House of Culture was overcrowded with people. Of varying ages and occupations, they gathered here to take part in the evening ceremony to be held under the slogan "It Cannot be Forgotten." The ceremony was opened by Vasil Danysh, chairman of the Village Soviet of Working People's Deputies. One by one, residents of Illintsi and eyewitnesses of unheard-of tragedies took the speaker's platform. It was like a film unrolling before the eyes of the audience, as the witnesses related their hair-raising accounts.

* * *

The year 1941. A bright July day was coming to an end with the last rays of the sun gradually being swallowed up by the forest near Illintsi. Having finished his routine outdoor chores, Ivan Kozak came into the house. His wife, Olena, was busy preparing supper, and his son, Hrihoriy, absorbed in an interesting book, didn't notice his father enter.

The family got no supper that night. All of a sudden the door was thrust open and a policeman stood there, his rifle pointing right at Ivan's chest.

"Get your jacket on and come with me!" he roared.

Ivan didn't say goodbye to his wife or to the son, for he believed he would soon return.

When he and the policeman entered a room which served as a prison cell, Yosip Kushnir and Petro Fedorak were already there. Mykola Lukinchuk and Illya Ponur were brought in shortly after. The door banged, came a click of the lock, and silence filled the room. Nobody dared utter a word for they all knew a traitor stood outside the door.

Somewhere around midnight the brutalized drunken OUNites started their horrible job. The detained people were sadistically beaten, their tormentors used fists, feet, clubs, and rifle butts. The torture lasted a long time. And when the first roosters began to crow, the tortured victims were chased out of the room and forced to walk in the direction of Zabolotiv. Tied together with barbed

wire and surrounded by armed police, they trudged along in silence. Their vicious guards never stopped prodding their exhausted bodies with rifle butts.

Finally they reached Zabolotiv. The party was brought to a stop at a railroad crossing. None of the victims knew why.

The traitor's voice thundered: "Everybody off the road!"

All around reigned silence, a silence as still as the grave... And then the early morning stillness was rudely broken by the sound of shots...

* * *

Hrihoriy Kozak, Ivan Kozak's son, and collective farmer Hanna Hoyan, Yosip Kushnir's wife, spoke at the gathering, telling those present about the tragedy that befell the Illintsi activists Yosip Kushnir, Petro Fedorak, Ivan Kozak, Ilyya Ponur and Mykola Lukinchuk on that July night of 1941. However, the OUNites' hunting after Soviet activists didn't end with this butchery. They murdered many another resident of the village of Illintsi on the River Prut, both during the war and in the immediate postwar years. Those who had died at the hands of the OUNites, blood-stained with crime, are no longer with us. Their names are engraved in gold on the granite obelisk that towers over the center of this populated area.

* * *

The village of Illintsi wasn't the only one to suffer from such inhuman butcheries. The Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, tried and true servants of Hitlerite fascism, committed their black deeds in every village they could lay their dirty hands on.

New and new eyewitnesses took the floor. And the audience learned of still more crimes committed by the traitors. Banderites hanged Lukyan Knish, chairman of the Novoselitsya Village Soviet, from the local church gateway. Later, fellow villagers found Mark Stroyich, secretary of the Local Village Soviet, tortured to death. Nobody has forgotten November 6, 1944. On that day bandit Dutka and a gang of his henchmen broke into the village of Novoselitsya. Their "visit" ended in 20 residents being burnt alive in the premises of the Village Soviet.

And who can ever forget that horrifying episode when the nationalists, drunk from their victims' blood, shot Paraskovia Huliuk dead before her mother's and sister's very eyes!

These are pictures painted with human blood. True Hitlerite servitors, the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists left blood-strewn tracks in every village of this district. But the village of Troitsi, that stretches far along the whirly River Prut, was where perhaps the greatest number of innocent victims were butchered.

Residents of this village, both young and old, will forever remember the day of October 22, 1944.

The sun had just passed the point of high noon. It was warm outside, though not too hot — the kind of weather usually expected at this time of year.

Each of the villagers was busy with routine affairs when gun shots shattered the afternoon stillness.

Not for an hour or two, but far into the night, the OUNites from the Skuba and Rizun gangs carried out their blood persecution of the local inhabitants. They tortured defenseless women and children and then shot, hanged or strangled them to death.

Petro Dudzik's death was a fearful one. He was seized in the evening. The bandits clubbed him for a long time, dragged him out onto the street, stuffed his mouth with dirt and threw him into the stream. It was there that his fellow villagers later found him dead.

* * *

For three decades the sun of freedom has been shining over this area of Ukraine. Whoever decides to take a stroll now in any of the villages will certainly fail to recognize the locality. New and excellent modern buildings are to be found everywhere; an entire forest of TV antennas sprout from the roofs of the houses; private cars are parked in many courtyards. Every village has its own doctors and teachers, agronomists and engineers.

In a word, people living here have found their happiness — but what a very dear price they paid for it!

By V. TULIVSKY,
Town of Snyatin, Ivano-Frankivsk Region
(Courtesy of "Visti z Ukrayini")

MURDERER LIVES

IN TORONTO

Granite obelisks now tower in Volyn, Lviv, Rovno, and Ternopil regions — all over the west Ukrainian land. The names of Soviet Army soldiers — liberators of our native land from the fascist invaders are inscribed on them, along with the names of victims of nationalist brigandage that raged on this land during the last war and in the first postwar years. Blood-stained trails of Banderite, Melnikyte and Bulba's cutthroats stretched from village to village, from house to house. These German fascists' accomplices left behind them death and ashes. They spared no one: they tortured women, children and the old folk: they shot, hanged, burnt alive, threw live victims into wells. They plundered: they dragged to their wolf lairs the peasants' simple belongings — clothing, foodstuffs, pulled off boots and shirts from their murdered victims, robbed them of their last cow or pig.

The band of Dmytro Kupyak (alias Klay) which operated in Lviv Region, on the territories of Radekhiv, Zolochiv, Sokal and Kamyanka Buzka and several other districts was especially cruel. This gang belonged to the so-called Security Service (SB) of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists, and carried out extremely punitive actions, killing Soviet civilians.

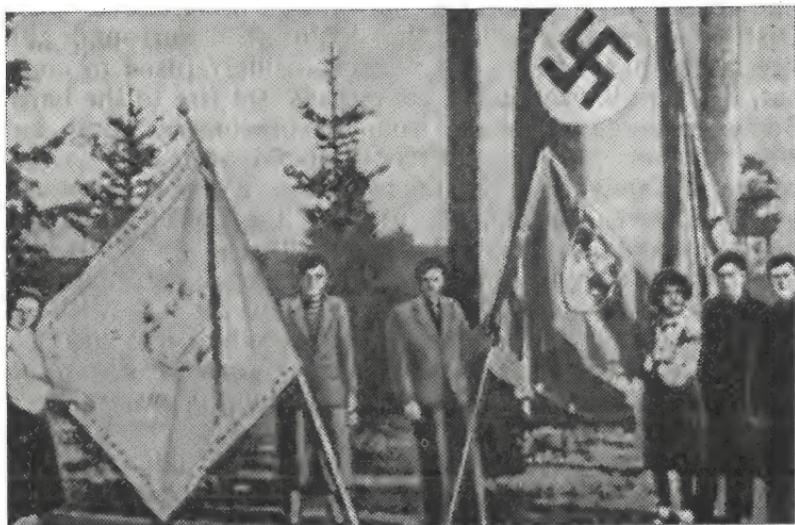
The above-mentioned Dmytro Kupyak (Klay), from the very first days of the German fascist invasion of Lviv in June 1941, voluntarily went to serve the invaders. He organized police stations in the villages of Busk and Noviy Milyatin districts and staffed them with Ukrainian nationalists and criminals, whom he ordered to torture and kill Soviet activists and all who expressed the slightest dissatisfaction with the Hitlerite order. Kupyak personally took part in torturing and killing those arrested.

In the fall of 1943, Klay organized and headed an SB unit of the OUN's leadership. This unit consisted of more than 20 bandits who were particularly notorious for their brutality and mass killings.

In October and on through December of 1969, an open

trial was held over a group of nationalist bandits — members of this SB unit — in the village of Krasne, Busk District. There were five of them sitting in the dock: Volodimir Oliynik whose bandit alias was Holodomor, Andriy Moroz (alias Bairak), Pavlo Chuchman (alias Benito), Stepan Chuchman (alias Bereza) and Leontiy Potsiluyko (alias Yastrub).

Fifty survivors — whose parents, children and other close relatives had been shot, strangled, burned alive or thrown into wells by Kupyak and his accomplices — and



In the summer of 1941, Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists organized a meeting in Kamyanka Buzka at which they called on the local inhabitants to render all-round assistance to the fascist invaders. Photo shows organizers of the meeting. Dmytro Kupyak is second from left. A good evidence of in whose service Klay was and what kind of "Independent Ukraine" he fought for.

more than 150 eyewitnesses of the monstrous crimes gave evidence to the jury of the Lviv Regional Criminal Court. Many people present at the trial had only by miracle escaped the Bandarites' bullet or noose. Dozens of testimonies, including those of former nationalist bandits, sufficient material evidence, forensic medical statements on the exhumation of bodies disclosed ghastly

details of crimes perpetrated by the nationalists and convincingly corroborated that Dmytro Kupyak not only gave orders to exterminate civilians but himself took part in torturing and shooting the victims. Names of many people who had perished at the hands of Klay were announced at the trial.

Below are facts of the "fruitful" activities of this super-bandit.

In August 1944, Klay learned that twelve women, together with their children, aged from 6 to 15, had hidden from the nationalist brutes in a deserted barn on the Vodayi farmstead near the village of Hrabove, Busk District. Kupyak ordered the bandits to surround and fire at the barn. When the women inside refused to come out, the bandits, following commands, set fire to the barn. Some managed to escape from the blazing building, but were shot on the spot. Fifteen-year-old Stefa Babiychuk, whose clothing caught fire, ran some distance from the barn. However, the bandits grabbed the girl, gouged out her eyes and, on Kupyak's orders, threw her back into the flames. A young boy, Yevhen Sen, who also made an attempt to run away, was seized. They hit him with an ax chopping off his left arm and threw him into the fire. The only survivor was Mikhailik Voznyak. Running away, he was wounded. The bandits thought the boy dead and left him. Later, people picked him up, unconscious. The rest of the women and children were burned alive.

Some days later, Kupyak's SB unit made a raid on the village of Verblyani. The OUNites surrounded and set fire to the home of Volodimir Troyan. Apart from the host, there were his 80-year-old father, Timofiy, Volodimir's wife Hanna, their two children Ivan and Stasyk, a baby daughter as yet unnamed, and 12-year-old niece Hafiyka. When the house caught fire, Volodimir climbed to the attic, made an opening in the thatched roof, then jumped down to the ground and tried to run away. But the bandits overtook and shot him. His father and niece Hafiyka, carrying the baby in her arms, were shot in the yard. Hanna Troyan tried to hide with her two children in a neighbor's house. But Kupyak broke into the house and killed all three. The band exterminated families according to lists drawn up in advance.

A week later, this gang of marauders led by Kupyak



Cutthroat and robber Dmytro Kupyak at present lives a prosperous life in Canada. He willingly agreed to pose before the reporter's camera. Photo from the *Toronto Star* of September 21, 1974.

killed another 8 persons, including three children, in the village of Yablunivka.

On June 23, 1945, Klay organized and headed a raid

on the village of Hrabove, in which the nationalist cutthroats murdered 11 residents (the victims were mainly women and children), and on August 19, on Kupyak's order, the bandits killed another 8 persons (among whom were also children) in the village of Chuchmani-Zabolotni, Busk District.

Slavomira Susabovska, formerly Kupyak's liaison officer, gave the following testimony:

"Before our escape to Poland toward the end of 1945, when Kupyak and I lived in Lviv on Lichakivska Street, a certain relative of Kupyak brought him many gold and other valuables, and dollars which he had hidden at her place. He took all these things with him when he escaped across the border. In Wroclaw, for example, Klay in my presence sold one of the furs for 10,000 zlotys.

"Kupyak was the cruelest of all the bandits I knew. On waking up in the morning he would often say: 'My hands itch today.' This meant that Klay was about to satisfy his killing urge. Generally, murder was an everyday routine for all members of the SB unit. I do not remember a single case when someone was able to implore mercy from Kupyak or his group for himself or his children. Neither dead bodies, the horrible sight of tortures, screams of victims, nor entreaties touched or softened these bandits. Once Kupyak told me how he had exterminated the Yaremkevich family in the village of Yablunivka because their son Maryan had left the band. Klay relished the details as he told his story and was very sorry he hadn't found and killed Maryan, too, for the latter might avenge the death of his parents. When it came to exterminating, the leader of the SB unit made all the decisions himself, never seeking advice from anyone. People were killed without the bandits ever finding out whether their suspicions of the victims were true. 'We have no time to investigate,' Klay used to say, 'the more we kill, the more docile the population will be. An independent Ukraine can only be won by terroristic means.'"

* * *

In the spring of 1945, Kupyak, through his associates, got hold of some poison. Wishing to try it out, he ordered members of his unit to grab anyone in the fields or on

the road and bring him to the forest. The bandits seized a passerby. In the encampment of the band, Klay tortured the stranger for a long time and then forced him to swallow the poison. In 15 minutes the poor man died in sheer agony.

...During the day the village of Pobuzhani, not far from Yablunivka (the district center Busk is located some dozen kilometers to the south), lived a peaceful labor life. But as night came, fear gripped the residents: many families didn't go to bed; women didn't light their ovens and after a hasty supper they hid with the children in barns, pantries and attics. Cold or rain, some would hide in the bushes till morning. They had good reasons to be scared, for the band of Klay operated in the nearby forests. Alarming news spread throughout the village nearly every day: in neighboring Yablunivka the Banderites massacred several families; in Kupche they murdered three peasants; on the road to Hrabove, the bandits seized two army servicemen and killed them; after Kupyak's "visit" to the village of Volytsya, the villagers buried five people...

On the night of December 9, 1944, the cutthroats appeared in Pobuzhani. Tommygun bursts and pistol shots suddenly broke the dead silence in the streets. The bandits from Klay's SB unit raided the village from four sides, each group having lists of families sentenced by Kupyak to be exterminated.

On that martyr's night, 16 residents of the village were butchered: Ivan Romaniuk, his wife Sofia, their daughter Maria and 6-month-old grandson Zinoviy; Yulia Kaminska; Pilip Koval and his wife Anastasia, their little sons Mykola and Mikhailik; Dmytro Bedriy and his wife Paraska, their children Franya, Mariyka and Zinoviy; Maria Hamulyak and her son Yevhen.

Kupyak personally exterminated the family of postman Pilip Koval. His henchmen Volodimir Potsiluiko, Bohdan Chuchman and Yaroslav Ivaniv broke into the home of Ivan Romaniuk. In a minute everything was finished: four dead bodies lay in the middle of the room in pools of blood.

After this butchery in Pobuzhani, the bandits took the more expensive property, put it on carts and disappeared into the forest.

The daughter of Ivan Romaniuk, M. Brohovska, who escaped the reprisal, as she was away, recollects:

"Upon returning home in the morning, I saw a terrifying scene. The whole room was covered with blood. Lying face down on the floor was the body of my father with a bullet wound in the back of his head. Near him lay the body of my mother whose head was so badly bashed that it was impossible to recognize her. A little to the side, lay the bodies of my sister Maria, who was shot in the head, and her six-month-old son. The dead baby lay in Maria's arms. There was a bullet hole in the infant's temple, and its right arm was broken. The bandits looted all the family belongings."

The murdered victims did not belong to those whom Kupyak hated — they were neither village higher-ups, nor Soviet activists. But they were "guilty" before him all the same: some had saved enough money — after many years of work — to buy some expensive stuff, which became known to Kupyak; others had the indiscretion to say something, derogatory to the nationalists, which the ring-leader was also in the know of; still others dared refuse to surrender their cow or pig to the marauders...

There are multitudes of facts telling about the brutal tortures of Kupyak over innocent people. The cutthroat has on his conscience the deaths of 200 Soviet civilians, three villages which he burned down (Adami in Busk District; Ostriv, Sokal District, and Posadiv on the territory of Poland), numerous lootings and other crimes.

The Soviet people have done away with the Banderite gangs that once operated in the western regions of Ukraine. But some of the murderers managed to escape abroad from the people's just retribution.

After the SB unit was smashed, Kupyak fled overseas with the looted gold. In Toronto, Canada, he bought a fashionable restaurant with the money stained with human blood. At present, his address is: 708 Queen Street West, Toronto 3, Ontario. Now this businessman, posing as "ideological fighter" against communism, tries to prove that he tortured and killed people "proceeding from political convictions." He doesn't even try to conceal his gory past, takes an active part in gatherings arranged by former SS officers and blabbers about his love for Ukraine and her people. This fascist myrmidon and

cutthroat clamors today that he exterminated only the “enemies of Ukraine” and “Bolshevik commissars”. But the beast should be asked: does he also consider as the “enemies of Ukraine” six-month-old Zinoviy Romaniuk from the village of Pobuzhani or nine-month-old Zinoviy Vuytsik from Yablunivka murdered by him? Or Hanna Troyan’s baby from the village of Verblyani? Or little Kazimir Veslav and Yuzik Bulkowski from Vodayi farmstead? One-year-old Mariyka Kokor, her four- and six-year-old brothers Zinoviy and Bohdan from Chuchmani? Seven-year-old Anton Mezhvinsky from Busk? Twelve-year-old Mariyka Makhovska from Lviv? Fifteen-year-old Yevhen Sen and Stefa Babiychuk and dozens of other children murdered by him personally or upon his orders? Were they also “Bolshevik commissars?”

The Ukrainian people remember about the gory crimes committed by the nationalist Cains. There shall be no pardoning for these murderers!

VICTOR CHUDOVSKY

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UKRAINA SOCIETY
KIEV 1974